Britons Strike Home,

CHEARLY my hearts of courage true,
The hour's at hand to try your worth,
A glorious peril waits for you.
And valour pants to lead you forth:
Mark where the enemy's colours fly,
There some must conquer, some must die;
But that appals not you or me,
For our watch word it shall be,
May British hearts be ever free.

When rolling midst march shall hide,
At dead of night a chosen band,
List'ning to the dashing tide,
With silent tread shall print the sand:
Then where Spanish colours fly,
We'll scale the walls or bravely die,
For we are Britons bold and free,
And our watch word it shall be,
May British &c.

The cruel Spaniards then too late,
Dismay'd shall mourn th' avenging blow,
Yet vanquished meet the milder fate,
Which mercy grants a fallen foe:
Thus shall the British banners fly,
On yon proud turrents rais'd on high,
And while the gallant flag we see,
Still our watch-word it shall be,
May British, &c.